

SONNET      C I .



HAD I been banishe'd from the native soil,  
Where, with my life, I first received light!  
For my first cradles, had my tomb been  
dight! Or changed my pleasure for a  
ceaseless toil! Had I for nurse, been left to  
lion's spoil! Had I for freedom, dwelt in  
shady night, Cooped up in loathsome  
dungeons from men's sight! These first  
desires, which in my breast did boil, From  
which, thy loves (Unkind !) thou banished!  
Had not been such an exile to my bliss. If  
life, with my love's infancy, were vanished ;  
It had not been so sore a death as this, If  
lionesses were, instead of nurses; Or night,  
for day! Thine hate deserves more curses '

SONNET      C l i o



VAIN gallants ! whose much longing  
spirits tickle ; Whose brains swell  
with abundance of much wit, And  
would be touched fain with an amorous fit:  
O lend your eyes, and bend your fancies  
fickle! You, whom Affection's dart did never  
prickle! You, which hold lovers, fools; and  
argue it! Gaze on my Sun ! and if tears do  
not trickle From your much mastered eyes  
(where Fancies sit) Then, Eagles! will I  
term you, for your eyes ; But Bears! or  
Tigers ! for your savage hearts ! But, if it  
chance, such fountains should arise, And  
you made like partakers of my smarts; Her,  
for her piercing eyes, an Eagle, name ! But,  
for her heart, a Tiger, never tame!